



IT'S FREEDOM'S PROUD ENSIGN.

SONG BY MISS ANNIE RUSH, OF PHILADELPHIA, WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

WORDS BY A. WATSON ATWOOD.

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPING.

In the hour of danger, when peril is nigh,
Tis the ensign we float in the broad breeze of heaven,
Beneath its dear folds all nations may fly,
To seek for that rest which is elsewhere forbidden.

Then protect it we must,
If in "God be our trust,"
Let us fly to our standard,
And so to the dust.
For 'tis freedom's proud ensign, that ne'er shall be furled
To the eyes of proud freemen, to the gaze of the world.

How oft when the war cry shrieked wildly around,
Hath the hopes of the soldier been suddenly brightened,
Who, gazing on high, saw the staff was still crowned
With the banner of victory, the signal enlightened.
Shall I strike for the brave?
Aye! this be my grave—
I'll fight for kind heaven
My country to save.

For 'tis freedom's white ensign, that ne'er shall be furled
To the eyes of proud freemen, to the gaze of the world.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24, 1861.

THE SHARPERS FOILED;

OR,
PLOTS UNMASKED,

AND
VILLAINY DEFEATED.

EMBRACING
Fast Life Scenes in New York,

IN WHICH
The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Re-

vengeful Villain, The Designing Woman,
AND OTHER INIQUITOUS CHARACTERS

ARE
TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPING.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"As you love me, mother, spare me from him," said

Louise, laughingly. "He is a being who thinks nothing

in life so amusing as plaid pantaloons, perfumery, poetry,

and Parker."

"Well, well," replied her mother; "then there is Colo-

nel Cashton."

"Bearded like a pard, and an eye like a hyena. No,

no, mother, not him," said Louise.

"Mr. Gray, then."

"A man of whom we know nothing."

"But he's handsome, child."

"True, but who is he?"

"He is rich—dresses well."

"Has a multitude of faults."

"Those his bank-notes cover."

cannot procure carriages, nor silks, nor diamonds. His salary would be insufficient to support you in the style I trust to see you in, before I follow your poor, dear father to his grave." And here the artful woman applied her handkerchief to her eyes, with every symptom of the deepest grief.

"But, mother," cried Emma, "Harry may yet be rich. You know his uncle—"

"Bequeathed the whole of his property to his other nephew, Mr. Hudson," rejoined Mrs. Winter. "Col. Cashton told me this to-day."

"How knows he this? The will has not yet been opened," cried Louise, tremblingly, hopefully.

"The Colonel was informed of it by some Mr. Grim, who drew up the will. And, by-the-way, the will is to be read here to-night. If by some strange accident Mr. Lorrimer should be the heir, I, of course, counsel you to accept his hand. If, on the contrary, as you have a liking for Mr. Hudson, why—"

"Enough, enough, mother, you will kill me," cried Louise.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Winter, coolly rising; "love attacks are not dangerous. Remember, Louise, it depends upon yourself to choose between affluence and happiness on the one side, and penury and misery on the other." So saying, the heartless woman left the room. For a moment after her departure, Louise lay sobbing in Emma's arms; then looking up, she said softly:—

"Don't you think mamma is very selfish, Emma?"

"Somewhat so, my dear Louise; but then she is our mother, you know, and besides, Louise dear, it is much better to be rich than poor."

"Right," suddenly interposed the voice of Susan Winter. "Right. Better, by far die, than be poor. Oh! cousin Louise, as you value your happiness, your peace of mind, wed not with a poor man. Misery, ruin, await you, if you heed not my warning."

"Why, Susan, dear, what ails you? I never saw you so agitated before," said Emma.

"No, no; but I—I don't feel well."

"Well, Louise, dear, come to our room, and we there can talk each other into good spirits," said Emma, smiling; and the two left the room.

"Agitated!" murmured Susan, rising and pacing the room with rapid strides. "Agitated! Am I not human? Yes, yes, I am. Oh! would that I were not—that this heart of mine, that beats so quickly, was of marble. I love—I love—unloved. Oh! Harry, Harry, did you not know the true heart that is pledged to you, you would give me at least one kind look, one smile. And my aunt, too; she, she treats me with coolness, disdain, and marked insult. Oh! that I were free from this accursed thralldom. And I will be free. I will work, work, though I die; though I hunger, thirst, I shall leave here and be free." Then pausing a moment, the excited girl continued in a softer, gentler tone:—"But if I should leave, I may see him no more, and that thought is maddening. And again, perhaps, who knows, he may think kindly of me—he may—he may. Oh! would to heaven I had a friend to advise and counsel me," cried the wretched girl aloud.

"You have, Susan, if you'll take me for one," said a gay, manly voice in the doorway.

Hastily turning in her alarm, Susan beheld the well-known face and figure of her friend, Mr. Gus Mordaunt.

"So you want a friend, do you?" he repeated, as he stepped into the room. "Well, I'm your man, up to anything. What'll I do? Carry a challenge, fight for you, revenge an insult, or what is it? Anything in the way of dress? No. Oh! you want to go to the ball. All right; I'll take you. We'll go to the big first, you know, though. Morrissey and the Boy. Great time that'll be. Where's the girls?" he asked suddenly, but without giving Susan time to answer, he ran on:—"By-the-way, met Lorrimer this morning; had a fight last night—knocked him down."

"Is he injured?" cried Susan, anxiously.

"Who, Lorrimer? Oh, no. He knocked the thief down. By-the-way, he told me something about saving an uncle of yours from California. An old buffer said he'd just come from California, got the rocks, and got rocked coming here. Bad joke, frightful."

"His name, can you tell me?" asked Susan.

"Name—name! pot hooks. No, it wasn't—it is Mark! mark that; he can't be much, for our old teacher used to give me any quantity of marks at school. Horrible joke. How do you do, Louise?" added the volatile Gus as that young lady entered the room.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ASSEMBLAGE—THE WILL.

The inquiry of Gus Mordaunt having been replied to by Miss Louise Winter in the usual mechanical manner, "Very well, thank you"—which Gus didn't believe, because the eyes of Louise were red with weeping—he kept his thoughts to himself, and rattled on in his usual style:

"Glad to hear it; made an early call; 'taint for myself, though; no. It's for Lorrimer—he wanted me to bring a note—here it is—must be a proposal—leave you here to read it. Come along, Susan—we'll travel for the back room." And seizing Susan around the waist, he danced through the passage connecting the two rooms.

For a moment Louise gazed on the letter Gus had thrust into her hands; then she tore it open and eagerly perused it. That its contents were interesting, was evident from the different emotions depicted in her face. Alarm, surprise, interest, and joy by turns possessed her mind, and she read it through the second time, then applied it to her lips, and wasted a score of kisses on the dull, inanimate paper. Then there came a revulsion; for, like the lightning's blast, did a sudden thought strike her, and clutching the paper nervously in her grasp, she sank upon the sofa, and burst into tears.

"Hallo! a rain-storm!" ejaculated Gus, who at that moment entered the room, in company with Mrs. Winter. "Look here, widow; see here's Louise capsized in a hard shower."

Mrs. Winter ran hastily to her daughter, and tore the letter that had caused the flood from her grasp. Rapidly scanning it over, she placed it in woman's universal depository—her bosom, and hastened to revive her daughter.

"Louise, my child, be firm," she whispered; "your uncle, returned so suddenly, must be sick. By proper management you may become his heir."

"But Harry—Harry—his—" broke in the blushing girl.

"We shall see, we shall see," was the cold reply. Then Mrs. Winter turned to Gus, who had seated himself, and remarked:

"The receipt of the sudden news, or rather of the news of the arrival of the sole remaining brother of my poor lamented husband"—and here the artful woman went

through a pantomime with her handkerchief, expressive of the deepest grief.

"Don't see anything to cry about in that. He's got money; do you good to see it. Cheer up, Louise, he won't kill you. All right—I like to see sunshine through clouds, it makes such pretty colors," replied Gus, who was not deceived, however, by the widow, but chose to make it appear that he was. Some further conversation ensued between the parties, of no interest to the reader, until they were interrupted by a new arrival—Mr. Maurice St. Cecil.

Mr. St. Cecil was a dandy of the first water, got up after the most approved fashion. His pants were of the Rue-pavement pattern, with a view of the Mississippi river running down the sides, and in their shape resembling two of the pyramids of Egypt inverted. His vest was so extremely "loud" and intense, that it seemed in danger of spontaneous combustion. A flaming red necktie encircled a collar that evidently imperilled the safety of Mr. St. Cecil's throat; a coat that was in no wise peculiar, excepting the color thereof, which can best be described as a chocolate-grey; a Genin tile, and yellow "little goat's" gloves, completed his costume.

"Aw, my dear Mrs. Winter, how d'ye do? Weally this cool weather adds quite a charming color to your blond-like countenance. Why, Miss Louise, positively I'm glad to see you; Mr. Mordaunt, your most obedient," and Mr. St. Cecil removed his hat, and thrusting his fingers loosely through his hair, sat himself down by the side of Gus, who, by the way, entertained a most thorough contempt for that gentleman.

"Aw, Mr. Mordaunt, aw, been to the opera," said Mr. St. Cecil, languidly.

"Opera, nonsense; you've been there, I suppose, or you think you've been there; but how do you go? Get a carriage, drive to Ullmann's big shop, buy a book, go in provide yourself with a bouquet, prima donna enters—charming girl, in danger of being spoiled though—throw bouquet—hear her sing—fine voice—can't understand her, though—look at the book—agitate your cane—go home—and zounds! you've been to the opera."

"Weally, you're quite a satirist," said Mr. St. Cecil, on the conclusion of Mr. Mordaunt's outburst.

"A second Butler," said Louise, laughing.

"No satirist, but a man who despises these flim flams of society; who thinks that English singing, by honest English throats, is superior by far to Italian quavers and trills," said Gus, with honest indignation.

"I agree with you, Mr. Mordaunt, but then, you know, the constitutional rules of society demand that we should attend to such matters," said Mr. St. Cecil.

"And so do the conventional rules of society forbid men to indulge in such exercises as are necessary for the development of those muscles as God and nature have endowed us with. The same rules forbid a man from using his own true arms to avenge an insult; but directs that murderous weapons shall be brought in play. The same rules demand that the Sabbath shall be marked by intolerance; that the poor laboring man shall be debarr'd from breathing that fresh air, and partaking of those amusements so essential to human health and happiness; while the same rules do not prevent the framers thereof from lolling in gorgeously furnished parlors, with pampered lackeys to wait their every motion, and rivers of choice champagne, with thousands of the sweetest flavored Havanas, to assist them in killing time. Out, out on such rules, say I."

Gus, in his excitement, had risen to his feet, and was pouring forth his eloquence, when a little silvery laugh broke upon his ear, and turning hastily, he beheld roguish Miss Emma standing in the door.

"Ha! ha! ha! why, Mr. Gus, or rather the Honorable Augustus Mordaunt, what book have you been reading? your memory must be wonderfully tenacious."

"Oh, nonsense, Emma; you don't understand the theory," said Gus, blushing.

"The theory is nonsense, as you say, Mr. Honor—"

"Oh, paw!" cried Gus, suddenly seizing Miss Emma in his arms, and kissing her heartily—a proceeding that Miss Emma evidently relished, but which shocked Mr. St. Cecil, amused Miss Louise, and caused Mrs. Winter to apparently study with the deepest interest the pictures stamped on the wall paper opposite her seat.

This little confusion was soon over, however, and the parties settled themselves down to general conversation, until they were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Harry Lorrimer and a short, stout man, with a keen, restless eye, and a mass of iron-grey hair, whom Mr. L. introduced as Mr. Mark Winter, and whom we recognize as the gentleman that Harry rescued from the assassins.

"Why, widow, how d'ye do?" cried Mark Winter, advancing and seizing the widow's hand with a grip that caused the tears to flow unbidden to her eyes. "Why, it's hard on to twenty years—yes, over that, since I've seen you. I met a chap out on the plains, who told me that poor old brother John was gone. I've thought on ye often, widow, but I didn't feel like comin' home till I'd made my pile, and I didn't, neither. By the word of a white man, and that is a good oath, but that air daughter of yours is an out-and-out snorter, ain't she?"

"Snorter?" cried Mr. St. Cecil, in such a horrified manner that Harry and Gus nearly went into convulsions, while Emma and Louise withdrew to the window.

"I know I'm a little rough, gals," said old Winter, looking around, "but twenty years roughing around on the prairies, and the desert, and down in Mexico and in California, and around generally, aint calkulated to take off any rough points. Howsumdover, I'm honest, and when I say, widow, I'm downright glad to see you, I mean it."

At this moment Susan Winter entered the room, and passed rapidly over to the spot where the sisters were standing. The sight of her seemed to act upon Mark Winter like a galvanic battery. He gazed upon her for an instant like one possessed; then, he murmured, "Mary alive, the same as when a score of years ago! no, no; it cannot be;" then, as he grasped the widow by the wrist, he asked in a voice of deep emotion:—"that girl, who—what is she?"

"She?" responded the widow, "why, that is my niece."

"Your niece?" cried Mark, with startling vehemence, "then it is—it must be her daughter. Speak, child, tell me your name, your mother's name was—"

"Mary Irving," responded Susan, tremblingly.

"Here, here; close against an old man's heart, lie, thou daughter of the angel Mary," cried Mark Winter, as he caught Susan in his arms, and bestowed upon her a look filled with love and joy—then, with her by his side, Mark Winter seated himself on an ottoman, and was soon deeply interested in conversation. He noticed, however, after a few moments had elapsed, that his new-found niece appeared absent and abstracted; watching her closely, he discovered that her whole attention was fixed upon the actions of Mr. Harry Lorrimer, who was conversing in a low, earnest tone with Louise.

"So, ho," thought Mark; "that's where the wind blows. He's a fine, noble-hearted young chap, and she—why she

must have all my Mary's spirit and good feeling. They'll make a good team, but it's clearly to be seen that they won't hitch." And Mark Winter philosophically rolled the cud of tobacco that graced his mouth.

"Louise, dear Louise," said Lorrimer in an under tone to that charming girl, "you received my note, and my proposal; your answer, Louise?"

"Not now, replied the trembling, blushing girl; to-morrow, in a month. Oh! do not press me now."

"Nay, Louise, if you love me—"

"Love you, Harry?" interposed the girl, and she was about to place her hand in his, when she caught a glance of the cold, stern eye of her mother.

"Ay, Louise, you do love me," cried Harry. "Here, here, here," he added, plucking a rose from a bouquet standing on the centre table; "take this rose; the restoring of it to me will be significant of joy and happiness. To-night, then, Louise, I shall expect it." And Harry left her side.

It was now that Mark Winter seized the opportunity of relating to the assemblage, the story of the attack made upon him; his rescue by Harry, and the discovery subsequently made of his relationship with Harry's most intimate friends.

Scarcely had he concluded his narration, when an accession was made to the party, in the persons of Col. Cashton, Mr. Hudson, a pale, haggard-looking young man, and Mr. Peter Grim, who came sitting in on tiptoe, causing Mark Winter to inquire, gruffly, whether old hook-nose was a digger Injun, or what! Some desultory conversation ensued, which was broken by Harry.

"We are gathered here to-night for two purposes; to honor Miss Louise's birthday, and to hear the will of my deceased uncle read. The latter being of a purely business matter, I think it would be well to have it over as soon as possible; so if there are no objections, Mr. Grim will at once favor us with the contents of the will."

"Sartain," cried Mark Winter; "let old Grim read and vamoose as quick as—"

"He, he, he!" laughed Grim, taking a bundle of papers from his breast pocket. "Gentlemen will have their jokes."

"Joke!" growled Mark, "if you was in California, 'twouldn't be a joke."

Slowly did Mr. Grim draw his spectacle case from his pocket, and take the steel-rimmed glasses therefrom; then, with a sharp, nervous glance at Mr. Hudson, and the Colonel (a glance that was observed by Mark Winter), he began—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—As the legal adviser of the deceased gentleman whose will I now hold in my possession, it becomes my duty to read for your edification the aforesaid last will and testament. On this occasion I shall omit reading the usual ceremonious prelude, and come at once to the bequests, &c."

"I give, devise, and bequeath to my attorney, Mr. Peter Grim, the sum of one thousand dollars, which sum I direct my executors to pay."

"I give, devise, and bequeath to a son of an old friend of mine (said son being Mr. Maurice St. Cecil), the sum of one dollar, that being the price I understand of a bottle of perfumery."

"Aw—dreadful low wit!" ejaculated St. Cecil.

"Sir," said Mr. Grim, sternly, "the gentleman makes a few more trifling bequests, and then we come to the plith of the matter, and here it is."

All parties were now intensely interested. Susan stood by Mark Winter's side, intently gazing on Harry, while Louise stood tremblingly at his side. Gus and Miss Emma were seated cozily on the sofa, while Mrs. Winter leaned back in her chair, with her cold, grey eyes fixed on Louise's ingenuous countenance. Col. Cashton and Mr. Hudson were apparently the least affected persons in the room, for they leaned unconcernedly against the hall door. Such was the position of the parties, when Mr. Grim began to read—

"And furthermore, and lastly, I do give, devise, and bequeath the remainder of my estate, real and personal, consisting of lands situate, lying and being in this city and county of New York, and whatever other lands I may purchase before my decease, of cash now on deposit in various banks in said city, and of stocks, bonds, etc., etc., to my friend, Mr. Peter Grim, to be by him held in trust for my nephew, Mr. Richard Hudson."

For a moment after Grim ceased, there was a dead silence, which was broken by Mrs. Winter.

"Mr. Hudson, allow me to congratulate you."

"Madam, I thank you," returned Hudson.

"He expected it," interposed Grim.

"Expected it? We shall see," thought Mark.

"Will she accept him now?" thought Susan.

"Harry's cake's all dough," whispered Gus to Emma.

"Yes, but he must mix a new batch," she replied, for she really liked Lorrimer.

Mrs. Winter had made an almost imperceptible sign to Louise to leave Harry, which she was preparing, unwillingly, to obey, when the rich, manly tones of Lorrimer secured immediate attention, not from Louise only, but from all in the room.

"Louise Winter," he said, "but a short time since, I offered you my hand in honorable marriage—we are gathered here to-night as a band of friends. Give me then an answer—do you accept?"

Ere the trembling girl could frame a reply to this abrupt question, Mr. Richard Hudson stepped forward, and in a low voice exclaimed—

"Louise, to-night has placed me in the possession of a large fortune—I am naturally joyful, but one thing is still wanting to complete my happiness—the possession of your hand. You, Miss Louise, were formed by nature to enjoy the blessings, the luxuries of wealth. Consent, then, to share mine. Be not agitated, Louise, but your answer. Accept, and naught is wanting to complete my happiness. Refuse, and I'll throw fortune, all, all to the winds."

The distressed and agitated girl could scarcely murmur out the disconnected words—

"Sir—this offer—consideration—" when her mother passed her by, and rapidly whispered in her ear—

"The choice is by yourself—affluence or poverty—happiness or wretchedness—splendor or misery."

"Choose," cried Mr. Hudson. "If you love me, consideration is not needed."

"No," interposed Gus, "if she considers about it she won't do it."

"Ah! Gus," said Lorrimer, "she loves me, and will refuse him—she is a true woman."

Not when her mother is by," responded Gus. "He holds a full hand, so your flush is of no account," he added.

"Miss Louise," said Richard Hudson, "if you cannot find words, I will accept of that rose as a happy omen."

"Sir," cried Harry, rushing forward, "that rose is—"

"Stand back—let her decide," interposed Mark.

"I have decided," said Louise, calmly taking the rose from her bosom.

"See, Gus, my friend, she has the rose; she will give it

me," cried Harry; "but, no, no, she gives him. Help me, Gus, for I am faint," and he clutched wildly at a chair.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1882.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JACK, Schenectady, N. Y.—Your question, "What is the highest number scored at billiards?" is a difficult one to reply to, and can best be done by giving you some of the principal counts. Dr. Allen, of Boston, ran 1510 points, at the full American game. H. Gham, the Albany pony, at the spot ball game, ran 1700. Phelan has run 243 around the table. Timman, of Cincinnati, 226 at caroms. Dudley Kavanagh, 177. An Amateur, at Phelan's Rooms, recently ran 898 at carom pool. Other high counts have been claimed, but the above are the most authentic.

Z. Bell, St. Louis.—"I wish to trouble you with the solution of a game of seven up, as there is a difference of opinion concerning it, and a wager bet on it. Myself and a friend are playing; the game stands six and six; my friend has the deal, and I beg; he turns the Jack, and I hold the ace and deuce. Who wins the game?" The dealer wins, he having turned up Jack, which is scored immediately. When Jack is in hand, it does not count until after high and low.

H. E.—As we stated in our last, according to a strict construction of the reading of the agreement, the highest and next highest are entitled to the prize, but most players contend that the two highest, when alike, take the prize, merely throwing off for choice. The proper way to avoid disputes of this kind would be to have it fairly understood before throwing, that the two highest throws take the prize.

SCHREINER.—"A party of four throw dice for a dollar a corner. A and B throw 14; C and D throw under A and B. Can C and D put in a dollar more, and throw for the pot without the consent of A and B, or can A and B insist on their right only to throw off for the pot?" A and B can do as they please in the matter; either throw off, or permit the others to come in on the payment of an additional dollar each.

WANTED TO KNOW.—If one party had equal facilities with the other for getting at the facts of the subject in dispute, the bet is good, and is decided on its merits. 2 Does not admit of a general answer—depends upon the constitution of it. 3 Her early history is involved in obscurity. A dozen pedigrees, almost, have been hunted up for her.

YOUNG RAIN, Philadelphia.—"A tosses up a quarter with B for the drinks. Is it a fair bet? A says no, because each party receiving a drink, no one is the loser. How is it?" It is a fair bet; for if the drinks were paid for, the party paying for them is the loser. If they were not paid for, the bar loses.

J. H. St. Clair.—"A few gold dollars, we are informed, were struck off, dated 1830, but they did not go into general circulation. After the above date, there were none issued until 1849.

J. F. S. Camp, Windsor.—1 They can hold you for the time you enlisted, and that is all. 2 We are not positive, but incline to the opinion that General Wool is the eldest.

SWARTZ HILL.—1 B had no right to throw up his hand; neither had C. 2 Scores whatever he makes by his hand. 3 A had a right to give one when the elder hand begged.

N. A. M., Rochester.—1 Miss Lucille Western was married in St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 11, 1859, to James Harrison Mead, of Boston. 2 Yes, they will be given in turn.

J. H. B. Alexandrin.—We are over-run with letters just now, and as we had a notice of the entertainment already in type, we were obliged to omit yours.

ADRIEN.—Your letter will be given in our next. We are "squeezed" for room this week.

PATCH, Boston.—Will make the necessary inquiries, and inform you of the result in next week's CLIPPER.

J. P. Bellefontaine.—The book was forwarded per mail, a few days subsequently.

C. WHITNEY, Philadelphia.—Forwarded your letter according to address given by you.

J. G. HART, Pearl Street House, Boston.—Book received. Accept our sincere thanks for your kindness.

WORLD, N. Y.—An Ace, Deuce, King, Queen, and Jack, is not recognized as a straight, in the game of bluff.

W. F. B., Pittsburgh.—1 No. 1, current volume. 2 Fredericks & Co., No. 687 Broadway, New York.

INQUIRY, Fairfield, Va.—We do not know the party. He may have performed in this city, however, under some other name.

E. H. G., Boston.—Make your case known to a responsible practitioner.

A UNION MAN.—You throw the responsibility of the statement upon us, by not attaching your address to the article.

F. GOSLIN.—Letter forwarded. What picture do you refer to?

SKATES.—There never was a time when such an infinite variety of skates or so good a quality of the article was to be had in the market as now; and yet of this great variety for sale, probably not one pair out of twenty are what they should be, in material and method of fastening to the foot. The majority of skates for sale are of a very inferior quality of steel, and unless skates are made with the hardest and best material, the sharp edge, so necessary to their perfect use, rapidly wears off, and for all purposes of executing any difficult evolutions, except at the risk of a severe fall, they become almost useless. In reference to the best mode of fastening them to the feet, there are but two methods that we can fully recommend; indeed, there are but two that do not cramp the feet, and by impeding the circulation of the blood, keep them continually cold and painful. Unless the feet feel comfortably warm, and the muscles are allowed freedom of movement, the skater can never fully enjoy the sport. In fact, a badly fastened skate destroys all the pleasure of skating, and in some instances it becomes a source of torture rather than pleasure. The two methods alluded to are as follows: the one is to fasten the skate to the heel of the boot by a screw, and instead of straps have the remainder of the skate attached to the boot by leather or cloth, so as to cover the boot like an overshoe; by this means the skate fits closely, and the feet are kept warm. But the best method is that of fastening the steel of the skate to the boot itself, by which means the foot is kept free in its movements, and the skate held firmly to the foot. The best plan of fastening the skate to the boot, and at the same time allowing the boots to be worn in common every day, is that adopted by Mr. Mundell, of 116 Fulton street, Brooklyn. It is known as the Costello patent. The boot is first prepared with a thick sole, to which is attached a metallic mortise, in which the two tenons of the skate are made to fit, a screw at once fastening the skate to the heel, and keeping it firmly in its place.

THE PUGS, AND SPORTS OF LONDON.—In next week's CLIPPER we intend to give a fresh installment of our correspondent's (Ned James) impressions of the great city of London, and London life. In the course of these sketches, our correspondent will introduce the CLIPPER readers to the following sporting houses, and describe what is to be seen and heard there—Jim Mac's, Alec Kome's, Jim Ward's, Peter Crawley's, Joe Rowe's, Harry Bromme's, Jimmy Welsh's, Jim Pudney's, Jim Burns's, Bob Brett's, Joe Terry's, Bogder Crutchley's, etc., and give matter-of-fact easy talk which every one may understand. "Ed James" is a close observer of men and manners, and notices things as he sees them with an impartial eye. He has been the rounds of London sporting houses—has seen and conversed with nearly all sorts of any note—and will, as an American in London, give us a better idea of London life and London sporting characters than we could expect from any other source. He is well versed in fistic lore, and understands something of all sporting matters. His sketches, therefore, will be very interesting to the general reader. Look out for next week's CLIPPER.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"—That's the way to begin our paragraph, and that's the way to begin the New Year in all our greetings. Towards our readers, and patrons generally, who have so nobly stood by us during the past year, and who continue to shower their favors upon us for the future, how could we be otherwise than grateful and full of good wishes? We rather think that our disposition to deserve and retain their good will for the CLIPPER may be seen to "stick out all over" our well-filled columns. Our political horizon is now much brighter. A new year is before us; and, heart's boys, remember our favorite quotation, "There's a good time coming!" The CLIPPER will always be found equal to every emergency. In the mean time, A Happy New Year to all!

BILLIARD SALOON OPENING.—The admirers of billiards will soon have additional opportunities for gratifying their propensity, on tables good and true, with an even balanced cue, etc., at No. 22 Courtlandt street, upstairs, where Mr. Michael Geary, the celebrated player from Chicago, will henceforth hang out his shingle. A grand opening takes place there Thursday evening, Jan. 2, when Messrs. Phelan, White, Kavanagh, Lako and other masters of the art will be present to give practical examples of the movement of the spheres.

TAKING THE CONSEQUENCES.—We are decidedly in favor of the "largest liberty" in all matters of discussion, but this implies that the discussion shall be carried on fairly; otherwise, there is very likely to be a concussion, somewhere. Take an example. On Sunday evening last, an Englishman and a Jerseyman undertook to settle our international affairs with Great Britain better than Mr. Seward and Earl Russell. So long as the conversation was "on the square," there was not only no objection made, but much amusement afforded. If the parties had adjourned, taken a friendly glass, read the *Albion*, the *Curran*, or some such really readable newspaper, they might have spent a very agreeable evening, and each been the better for the other's remarks. But they had evidently been influenced by the (supposed) "respectable papers," and the Englishman began making taunts about the intended rendition of Messrs. Silldell and Masen, etc. This style of argument was no way to state the case, because the quiet dignity of our government in restoring the troublesome personages taken from the Trent is not so viewed by persons qualified to understand the subject, and we venture to say that in England itself our magnanimity will be properly appreciated. The "bad specimen" of an Englishman, (who, we are sorry to say, is said to be connected with the *Canard* steamers,) would insist upon continuing his boasts and taunts. One of the Americans resented it, and a fight was the result. As usual in such scenes of sudden excitement, outsiders interfered, and, during the general melee, the Englishman was stabbed, giving a bad but not dangerous wound on his head. He was taken to Dr. Varick's and the wound dressed, but the guilty parties contrived to escape. At such a diplomatic time as the present, our English friends (some of the best we have) will do well to learn the first requisite for a diplomatist—dignity. If our advice is not taken, "something will drag" some day. Experience is a hard school, but some scholars will never learn at any other. Let us all show that we are sincere in making any reasonable sacrifice for peace, and enjoy our glass with our paper, discussing in fraterly with the "land we live in."

THE INDIAN AND THE PRINCE.—Elsewhere will be found a report of another race won by the American Indian, Deerfoot, and witnessed by the Prince of Wales. The Prince gave the Indian a purse of money, and had a "talk" with his Indian ribs. Deerfoot is playing his points nicely, in England, and has already eased the Britishers of a clever little pile. He dresses up in Indian gear for the benefit of our transatlantic "neighbors," and gives the war whoop to the great delight of the crowds that follow him. In this country, as Bennett, he appeared dressed up in good store clothes, without paint or polish. He is "doing" All England with a vengeance.

A GOOD TRAINER.—That noble-hearted American, G. F. Train, is still working with all his might in England, in behalf of the North. A correspondent says he heard him lecture in Birmingham a short time since, and he assures us "he can sweep a crossing." Mr. Train looks quite young, has an agreeable expression, a profusion of black, curly hair, and wears a moustache and imperial. A hearty welcome awaits the patriot's return to America.

A LITTLE SPORT AT NEW ORLEANS.—The annual winter meeting of the Metairie Jockey Club, of Louisiana, took place as usual, but under any thing but flattering auspices. The profits—what little there were—were devoted to the volunteer fund. The contribution, small in itself, was made to look more like a contribution, by individual subscriptions. The official summary of the meeting will be found in another part of this issue.

AT IT AGAIN.—That "big picture" of the International Fight proved such a decided failure, that the publisher, Mr. Newbold, found it necessary to make many alterations and additions. Among the latter is a portrait of Tom Hyer, who, like many others whose likenesses are given on the picture, was not present at the fight. Newbold made a bad job of the affair from the start, and he had better give it up altogether. In this country, we want something reliable.

THE EX CHAMPION ON HORSEBACK.—Tom Sayers, who has now an interest in a circus travelling in Great Britain, appears on horseback at each performance, and is said to "stand up" and drive with "great fluency." His present ring performances are as successful as his achievements in the prize ring. Go it, Tommy.

NOR SO.—The *London Sporting Life* learns that "Aaron Jones and Jimmy Massey were killed in America, while fighting under the banners of the confederate army." It was reported here that Jones was killed, but we subsequently learned that he "still lives" in the shady South. Massey, we believe, is in Canada. At least he was there when last we heard of him.

YOUNG BACHELORS' DRAMATIC AND SOCIAL UNION.—The first entertainment of this association takes place this Monday evening, Dec. 30th, at Dramatic Hall, Houston street, near Broadway. For the complimentary resolution passed by the Union, and an invitation to be present, we tender our thanks.

AMERICAN PRIZE RING.—In this number of the CLIPPER we give the first of the series of contests in the American Prize Ring. It is a report of the battle between Yankee Sullivan and Bell. We shall print an extra edition, in order that those who may not be able to procure the papers now, may have an opportunity to purchase them hereafter.

THE OATH.—We don't hear much about the oath of allegiance just now. What's the matter? Is the mockery played out?

AMERICAN FISTIANA.

OPERATIONS IN THE PRIZE RING DURING THE YEAR 1881.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
Burns beat Seymour, Clear Creek, Texas, 19 rounds, 40 min. Jan. 31.
Drumgold, John, beat J. H. Stockey, alias Scotty of Brooklyn, Richmond, Va., \$100 21 rounds, 35 minutes. Jan. 15.
Donnelly Billy, and John Hickory were to have fought New York, \$300, Jan. 8. They were arrested at the instance of Donnelly's father, it is said, and bound over to keep the peace for one year. Hickory received the money.
Dorsey beat Holly Wood, Long Island, \$25 a side, 32 rounds, 55 min., Dec. 2.
Eager, Geo. and Felix McSorley fought near Milwaukee, 11 rounds. Brought to an unusable termination through police interference.
Franka beat Smith, Hoboken, \$10 a side, 4 rounds, 48 min., Dec. 8.
Foss beat Gray, Dover, N. H., 4 rounds, March 14.
Graham, William, beat Patrick Lynch, Batavia, N. Y., \$50, 3 rounds, Feb. 21.
Geoghegan, Owey, beat Ed. Touhey, Staten Island, \$75 a side, 45 rounds, 61 min, April 18.
Glessner, Pete, beat Ben Jennings, Chicago, Ill., purse, 11 rounds, 43 min., May 21.
Gibson, Geo., an English pugilist, died at Cincinnati, O., June 21.
Hart, Corley, beat Jack Dale, Nelson, N. Y., \$100, 27 rounds, Jan. 1st or 2nd.
Holly wood beat an Unknown, New York, \$20 a side, 22 rounds, 75 min., Aug. 34.
Jennings, James, beat Jack Reilly, foul, New Albany, Ind. 5 rounds, 37 min., March.
Kelly, Australian, and Tom Flynn had a turn up, at 600 Broadway, 15 minutes, Feb. 26.
Moran Tom, beat Jim Huelly, Fort Umpqua, Oregon, \$20, 12 rounds, Jan. 5.
McCool, Wm., beat Wm. McGreely, New York, 11 rounds, 19 min., April 23.
McCool beat Tom Jennings, New Orleans, \$300 a side, 27 rounds, 33 min, May 2.
Monahan, Tim, beat Neil Doyle, St. Louis, \$25 a side, 18 rounds, May 7. Doyle fell without a blow.
Morris, Johnny, draw with Frank Kearny, Boston, \$100 a side, 38 rounds, 100 min., Aug. 9.
Monahan, Tim, beat Martin Foherty, Boody Island, near St. Louis, \$35 a side, 6 rounds, 20 min., July 7.
McCall beat McCabe, Weehawken, 130 rounds, 145 min., Sept. 9.
Orem J. C. beat Chas. Deane, Denver City, Kansas, \$100 a side, 3 rounds, April 6.
Orem, Con, beat Enoch Davies, Denver City, \$1,000 a side, 100 rounds, 100 min., Aug. 2.
Powers, I. beat James McGee, White River, Arkansas, \$100 a side, 36 rounds, 95 min, rig broken in, Feb. 26.
Reid beat Donald, London, C. W., 32 min, \$100 28.
Rooney beat Riley, Washington, D. C., \$110 11 rounds, 39 min., July 10.
Roche, Johnny, beat Jim Twistran, New York, for a small sum, 36 rounds, 100 min., Aug. 9.
Scott, Jim, beat Andy Young, Belleville, Ill., \$100 138 rounds, 115 min., May 18. Young fell without a blow.
Tracy, Matt, beat Bill Blackwood, Storm's Ranch, Cal., \$1000 a side, 30 rounds, 45 minutes, Jan. 3.
Webb, Ron, beat Harry Clark, Memphis, Tenn., purse, 54 rounds, March 23.
Walton, Bill, beat David Mathias, Indianapolis, Ind., \$35 a side, 6 rounds, 13 min., Aug. 24.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The deposits for this event in the British P. R., are being regularly made, the next being due on Dec. 20. We observe that the date fixed upon for the fight is the last day of January, 1882.

FIGHT BETWEEN BOB TRAVERS (The Back) and BOS TYLER, For \$200.

These members of the P. R., who were matched at catch weight, were to have settled their differences on Tuesday, Dec. 10, and on that day the "spectators" were to have witnessed the departure from the metropolitan world after six o'clock, A. M., with a company of not more than 150 persons, among whom were but a very few of the Corinthian order. After a rapid journey of some 20 miles, the men and their partisans alighted in a rural and somewhat picturesque spot in the hepp-growing county of Kent. The place was as calm and quiet as an uninhabited island, and high expectations were entertained of the match being got off with the first and most modestly of his cap within the lists, and after a short interval, Tyler, attended by his squire, likewise made his appearance. The question put by Tyler as soon as he got in the ring was that momentous one, all so much dreaded, "How about the Referee?" First one and then another was named, but Bos objected, he being, perhaps, perfectly right in doing so in the matter of the place (the Champion of the British P. R. had interest in the matter), but what was he to do? He was not to be contented with the unenviable office, he would have acted with many impartiality. There was an evident reluctance on the part of Tyler to agree in making a selection of this functionary; and now on the part of Bos's friends it was openly stated they knew he had no intention of fighting, and, although his subsequent conduct proved the accusation to be unfounded, it was not until after a long and tedious dispute, and to lead the most unprejudiced and impartial to entertain the opinion that Tyler, in reality, did not mean business. When about forty minutes had been expended in this tedious and uninteresting manner, there was the now too frequently heard cry of "the bobbies are coming," and the sure enough it was found on looking in the direction pointed out that there were a number of the Philistines making with all haste to the ring. One of these proved to belong to the immediate neighborhood, while the other had come from Chatham, and these were soon afterwards further reinforced by the arrival of a well-known superintendent of the Kentish constabulary, who, from his active and vigilant proceedings, is looked on with perfect terror by the Farcy. The instant the blues arrived, the ropes and stakes were removed, the council of war was held upon the subject of making a man, but whatever was in contemplation by the backers of the men, they at once abandoned all idea of getting to business as soon as the reinforcement of the bobbies, headed by their "super," arrived, and however disagreeable this was, only one course was now left open, which was to return to London, leaving it in the hands of the stakeholder to appoint the referee, so as to obviate all further dispute. The men and their partisans were taken to town about twelve o'clock, and thus terminated the proceedings of all true lovers of a mill, the proceedings on Tuesday. On Wednesday the men and their backers had an interview with the stakeholder, which resulted in Fred. Oliver (the assistant commissary) being appointed referee, it also being agreed the men should meet on Thursday, for the second time, to try conclusions. 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CHRONOLOGY

PRINCIPAL SPORTING EVENTS IN 1861.
COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

JANUARY.

1. A match at quoits was played at Philadelphia for \$50, between J. Clark and A. J. Wilson, which the former won by scoring 50 points to the latter's 41.

2. Two pigeon shooting matches came off at Wilmington, Del. The first was between T. Dunbar and W. Fisher, for \$10 a side, at eight birds each. Won by the former, who killed three to his opponent's one. The second match was for \$20 a side, between P. McCuskey and E. Biddle, at 8 birds. McCuskey won by killing 6 to 5.

3. The winter meeting of the Metairie Race Course, New Orleans, La. commenced, continuing for four days, during which time, seven races took place.

4. A trot on the ice came off at Mechanicstown, N. Y., for \$40, mile heats, best 3 in 5 to sleighs, between B. H. Rockey, s. h. Charley, and B. H. Andrew Jackson. Rockey won in three straight heats. Time 2:51, 2:48, 2:46.

5. A billiard match for \$20, 1000 points up, between Messrs. Rowley and Handley, the latter giving 200 points, was won by Rowley by 65 points.

6. A raffle for an ox valued at \$300, took place at Reading, Pa., which was won by Aaron Klops.

7. Rarey, the horse tamer, gave his first public lecture at Niblo's Garden, N. Y., which was crowded from pit to dome. The lecture was a success.

8. A sparring exhibition for the benefit of Harry Lazarus, took place at the Art Union, N. Y., which was unanimously attended, and some first class sparring was witnessed, particularly in the wind up between Harry Lazarus and Geo. Morton.

9. Rarey gave his second lecture at Niblo's N. Y.

10. A three mile foot race for \$10 a side, between Howard and Mills, in England, was won by Mills in 16 min. 55 sec.

11. The death of the father of J. C. Hosan, occurred at Troy, N. Y.

12. A prize boxing tournament occurred at Kerrigan's Hall, No. 22 White Street, N. Y., which originated with the proprietor, Harry Jennings. The proceeds of the house were divided into four equal parts, three of which were given as prizes, and the other reserved for liquidating expenses, etc. Mike Trainor, as the best feather weight, Dan Kerrigan, the best light weight, and John Monaghan, as best middle weight, were the recipients of the prizes. Some excellent boxing was exhibited.

13. A six mile walking match came off in London, Eng., for £10, between David Broad and Geo. Davis the former giving one minute start. Broad won in 61 min. 58 sec.

14. A wrestling match between J. Clough and E. Buckley, the former staking £20, took place at Manchester, Eng. After 45 minutes severe struggling a draw was agreed to, neither man being able to throw the other.

15. A curling match was contested on Myland Mill Dam, near Philadelphia, between Messrs. Laurie and Lamond. The former won by scoring 11 shots to 7.

16. A skating match, open to all ages, was decided at Huntington, resulting in prizes being distributed as follows:—Mr. Smart £8; Mr. See £3; Mr. Green £110; and R. Watkins £10.

17. The annual meeting of the associated boat clubs, called the Hudson Navy, took place, when the various prizes won at the regatta of Sept. 29, 1860, were distributed. The Light-foot, of the Atlantic Club, Hoboken, received the first prize for six oared outrigger, an elegant silver boat lamp. The Volante, of the Atlantic Club, of New York, took the prize for four-oared boats—a handsome water keg, of polished oak, with eight silver hoops, and silver mouth piece. The Atlantic of the last named club, gained the prize of the six and eight oared barges—a beautiful rudder, keel of silver and rosewood.

18. A main of cocks, between N. York and Boston, was fought, in the last named city, for \$20 each battle, and \$100 a side on the main. Seven battles were fought, of which Boston won four.

19. A main of cocks was to have been fought at Luff's, corner of 110th street and Sixth avenue, between the Troy Reds and New York Greys, to weigh from 4 lbs. to 10 lbs, for \$50 each battle, and \$500 the odd fight. Morrissey backed the former, and Alderman Genet the latter. Just, however, as hostilities were about to commence, Capt. Porter and a posse of police put a veto on the sport. Considerable talk and excitement ensued.

20. A billiard match, 1000 points up, for \$50 a side, between C. Hughes and W. Dutton, played in London, Eng., was won by the former, he scoring 1001 to his opponent's 911.

21. A ten mile race was run at Hackney Wick, Eng., by Jackson the American Deer, and J. Golding, for £20. Jackson won in 1 hour 2 min.

22. A curling match for one of the Royal Caledonia Curling Club's medals, took place simultaneously at Quebec and Kingston, C. E. Two rinks at each place. The Quebec club won by ten shots.

23. A pigeon shooting match for £100 a side, between J. Donald and T. Foster, near York, Eng., was decided in favor of the former, he killing 64 birds out of 48 double rises; and Foster 46 out of 47.

FEBRUARY.

1. A base ball match, on the ice, was played in Brooklyn between the Atlantic and Charter Oak clubs, which the former won by a score of 36 to 27.

2. A sparring exhibition for the benefit of Johnny Monaghan occurred at the Art Union, N. Y. A crowded house witnessed the contest, which was pronounced good.

3. A dress making match, for \$50 a side, was decided at 22 White Street, N. Y., between two fast butchers, Roger Gorman and Geo. Macomb. Gorman won by dressing his five sheep in 22 min. 03 sec., while his opponent took 32 min. 13 sec. to perform the same task.

4. The South Carolina Jockey Club Races commenced. The first and principal race was for a four mile heat race between Albion and Planet, which the former won in two straight heats. Time, 7:30; 7:42.

5. A great pigeon shooting match between Messrs. Crossland and Wood, for £100 a side, at 100 birds each, was decided near Sheffield, Eng., in favor of the former, who killed 54 out of 59 to his opponent's 45 out of 92.

6. A curling match on the ice, was played at Chertsey, N. B., sides being chosen by Messrs. Lucas and Moire. The latter won by scoring 119, with four wickets to go down, against 97.

7. J. Cornell and Wm. Seeds, contended in a pigeon shoot at Nicetown, N. J., for \$100 a side, at 25 birds each. Cornell won by killing 23 birds to Seeds' 18.

8. A four hundred yard race, for £25 a side, was run at Salford Borough Grounds, Eng., by J. Nolin and R. Medley, which was won by Nolin.

9. A Champion Racket match was played at Grass Valley, Cal., between Harrigan and Davis of Nevada, and O'Connell and McHenry of Grass Valley. The former won.

10. The champion six mile race, at Hackney Wick, Eng., was run between Jas. Pudney and J. White, which, after a desperate struggle, was won by Pudney in 31 min. 28 sec.

11. Hurst, the Staleybridge Infanter, figured in a pigeon shooting match at Leeds, Eng., in which he was beaten.

12. Con Fitzgerald gave a sparring exhibition at the Alhambra Rooms, 600 Broadway, N. Y., which, peculiarly and otherwise, was a success.

13. Roberts and Bowles played several billiard matches at Oxford, Eng., the former giving odds, and winning the majority of the games.

MARCH.

1. A ten-mile foot race for \$500 a side, was run by Henry Derrick and the Shepherd, Boy, on the Pioneer Course, San Francisco, Cal. It was very closely contested, the Boy winning by only twenty feet. The ten miles were run in 65 min. 19 sec., or at an average of 6.32 per mile.

2. The first cricket match of the season was played by the Bunker Hill Club of Charlestown, Mass.

3. An interesting match at quoits, for \$500 a side, was played in Cincinnati, O., between Messrs. Greenhalgh and Fink, 101 points up. The latter won by six points. Some \$5000 are said to have changed hands on the result.

4. Two good shooting matches came off at Trenton, N. J., between M. Dillet and J. Taylor. The first was for \$200, 25 birds each, 21 yards rise, 100 yards bounds, 1 oz. shot, which Taylor won by killing 10 to his opponent's 14. The second was at 30 yards bounds, 1 1/2 oz. shot; the other terms being the same as in the first match. Dillet won this match by killing 14 birds to his opponent's 12.

5. An enthusiastic meeting was held at the house of Jas. Farish, in Third avenue, New York, to witness the ceremony of making the first deposit of \$12500 on the part of Ward, the champion carman of America, for a sculling race in this country against Chambers, the champion of England. Expectations were high in reference to the then expected great event, but which were afterwards frustrated by Chambers declining to proceed with the match.

6. The regular spring meeting of the Magnolia Course, Mobile, Ala., commenced, continuing several days. On the third day of the most exciting race ever seen there, occurred, for the Jockey Club purse of \$7000, three mile heats, best 2 in 3. Nell Robinson won it, in 8:42; 6:49; 5:49. Fanny Washington won the first heat, however, in 5:40.

7. An exciting trotting match came off at New Orleans, for a purse and stake of \$1000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, free to all, to go as they please. There were four starters—Emma, Elisha Allen, Gladiator, and Reindeer. Seven heats were run before it was decided, of which Emma won the 1st, 6th, and 7th, and the stakes.

8. J. O'Brien and H. Greenhalgh wrestled at Manchester, Eng., for £15 a side, best 2 out of 3 back falls, Lancashire fashion. O'Brien was much the bigger man, and won the two last falls.

9. Sewell, the pedestrian, walked 5 miles, at Audenshaw, Eng., in 1 hour 57 1/2 min., he having staked £5 to £10 on doing the distance within two hours.

10. A pigeon shooting match came off at Cincinnati, O., at 12 single birds, 21 yards rise, 100 yards bounds. There were twenty-three entries, who were divided into two parties; Muddy's side won by killing 27 to Henderson's 26.

11. The annual races of the Montreal C. E. Snow Shoe Club occurred. The one mile race was won by Massey in 6 min. 20 sec., the half mile, by Tait, in 3 min. 4 sec., and the two mile, by Tait, in 14 min. 15 sec.

12. An adjourned meeting of the Junior Association of Base Ball Clubs was held at their rooms in Brooklyn, when business of importance was transacted.

13. A main of cocks, consisting of five battles, was fought in Cleve-

land, O., between Ohio and Pennsylvania fowls, which was won by the former by the odd fight.

14. A snow shoe race, distance three miles, for the silver cup presented by Geo. Williams, took place at Montreal, C. E. It was won by Mr. McDougall in 21 min 59 seconds, which was considered equal to the best time of the Indians.

15. Bowles and Tabby played a billiard match, 1000 points up, at Manchester, Eng. Bowles won by 85 points.

16. Geo. Aaron, an English jockey, committed suicide, by poison.

17. The great curling match for the silver medal of the Royal Caledonia Curling Club, between the Quebec, Stadelands, and Toronto Clubs, came off on the rink of the Montreal, C. E., this Club. The Quebec men were the successful competitors by five shots.

18. The West-end Shooting Club, of Cincinnati, O., had a day at trap shooting. Messrs. Higdon and Hoy led the two parties, twelve on each side. Six single and six double birds were shot at by each man, which resulted in Hoy's party winning by one bird only, the aggregate figures being 130 against 119.

19. A great cocking main for \$25 on each battle, and \$1000 the main, was fought at Detroit, Mich., between 31 cocks of Louisville, Ky., and 21 of Detroit. Eleven sets to occurred, Louisville making nine.

20. John Holmes, a celebrated English jockey, died at the age of 49.

21. The first of the annual racket matches between Oxford and Cambridge, came off at the last named place. Cambridge won.

22. The great eight oared race between Oxford and Cambridge came off on the Thames, Eng., and was won by Oxford.

23. A sculling match for £80 was contested on the Wear, Eng., between Richard Clasper and Wm. Lumley. Clasper won.

24. A fashionable ladies' horse race, at Walsingham, a distance of 13 miles on a wager of \$25.

25. Ben Bray, an English jockey, died.

26. An international dog fight between the Brooklyn slot Roie, and a canine of the same name imported from England, for \$500, came off at 22 White St. It was won by the latter in 31 min. The Cumberland and Westmoreland Wrestling sports commenced in England. In the light weight division, D. Cox, Gilchrist, T. Meuo, and J. Tiffin won the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th prizes in the order named. In the heavy weight division, Jameson, E. Barker, Wright, and Scott won prizes in the same order.

27. The spring meeting of the Metairie Course, New Orleans, La., commenced.

28. A billiard match of great interest to Californians, was played at San Francisco, between Messrs. Maher and Eaton, the latter giving 300 points in a game of 1500. Eaton won by 110 points.

29. F. Masters ran 1500 points, at billiards, at the St. Charles Saloon, Eighth Avenue, N. Y. He got the balls "jacked" hence the result.

30. A three mile sculling race was contested at Poughkeepsie, for \$100 a side, by Hanson and Barger. The former won in 22 min. 55 sec.

31. The great four mile race at the Metairie Spring Meeting, New Orleans, was run, Lightning, Planet, and Panie being the competing animals. The former won in 8:02; 8:13; 8:14.

32. A novel fight took place at St. Louis, two dogs being pitted against a tiger. After a fast and furious battle, the dogs placed the tiger *hors combat*.

33. A two mile race for J. Sullivan, of Boston, and T. Sullivan, of Brooklyn, at Boston, for \$25 a side, was won by the former.

34. A boxing tourney for the benefit of Mike Trainor, took place at Montgomery Hall, Prince street, N. Y.

35. A great billiard match, of 1000 points up, between Roberts, the champion of England, and Hughes, was played at London. Roberts gave his opponent 300 points, and beat him by 444 points at that.

36. John Mitchell, the celebrated English racket player, died at Bristol, Eng. He held the position of champion of both open and close courts for many years.

37. A meeting of Congress, friends convened at Newcastle-on-Tyne, to consider the policy of proceeding with the sculling match to take place in America between him and Ward, when it was agreed that it should not be proceeded with for the current year. The receipt of the above resolve created much disappointment to Ward and his friends.

38. A pigeon shooting match for \$400 a side, was decided at Cincinnati, O., between Messrs. Shaw and Hope, at 60 double birds each. Shaw won by killing 55 to his opponent's 79.

39. T. Andrews attempted the feat of walking 80 miles in 12 hours, at Sudbury, Eng. He was compelled to give in, however, after walking 68 miles.

40. Epsom Spring Races commenced.

41. The first number of the Ninth Yearly Volume of the New York Times was issued.

42. Two miles in 9 min 20 sec was accomplished by J. White, in a race with Sanderson, at Manchester, Eng., for £25 a side. White won, after giving Sanderson 20 yards start.

43. E. Mills, after a spirited contest, defeated W. Jones in a ten-mile race at Hackney Wick, Eng., for £25 a side. Time, 54 min 30 sec.

44. The first trot at the season at Boston, Mass., took place, for the Point Brecks track, for \$200, between Capitola and Bay John, mile heats, best 3 in 5. Capitola won the 1st, 3d, and final heats. Time, 2:44; 2:43; 2:40; 2:51; 2:49.

45. The members of the Boston Cricket Club played their first match of the season.

46. An exciting sculling race came off on the Thames, Eng., for £100, between J. H. Clasper and T. Pocock, which the former won.

47. The first Newmarket (Eng.) Spring Meeting commenced. Mr. Ten Broeck's horses took part in six races, but lost in all.

48. Jas. Rowan defeated Jas. Pudney, in a six mile race, for the champion cup and £25 a side, at Hackney Wick, Eng.

MAY.

1. A five mile race was contested between Brighton and Pudney was run at Hackney Wick, Eng., for £50, which Pudney won in 25 min. 30 sec.

2. Mr. Ten Broeck's Optimist won the Palestine Cup stakes at the Chester Meeting, Eng.

3. Mr. Country, 79 years of age, shot 103 birds out of 125, at the West London Cricket Grounds, in a manner that was considered wonderful for one aged.

4. Michael Foley ran 3465 points at billiards in 2 hours and 20 minutes, at Cleveland, O.

5. The race for the Chester (Eng.) Cup took place. It was won by Mr. Barber's Ben Webster.

6. A cricket match, played at Camden, N. J., between the United and Jackson clubs, was won by the former, by 27 runs.

7. The first trot of the season at Boston, Mass., took place, for \$400, best 3 in 5, to harness, between St. Lawrence Maid and Brown Dick. The former won in 2:48; 2:45; 2:49.

8. Woodland Races, Louisville, Ky., commenced, and continued seven days.

9. Flora Temple and Princess made their first appearance for 1861, on the Fashion Course, L. I., for a club purse of \$500, mile heats, best 3 in 5. Flora won in 2:39; 2:34; 2:34.

10. A cricket match between Epsom of England and Twenty-two of Ireland was played at Dublin, which the former won.

11. A trot for \$1000, between Young Morrill and Flyaway, mile heats, best 3 in 5 to wagon, was won by the former. Time, 2:40; 2:40; 2:38.

12. A three mile race, said to have been the best with full weights ever run in America, came off at Louisville, Ky. Mollie Jackson proving the winner in 6:53; 6:34; 6:38.

13. A great wrestling match between Schora and Clough came off at Manchester, Eng., for £50 a side, best of three back falls, Lancashire fashion. Schora won in 57 minutes.

14. Derby day. The Derby Stakes, valued at £250, were won by Col. Towler's Col. Towler, ridden by Baulock. Time, 2:43.

15. The cricket match between the St. George and East New-York clubs took place, the former winning by 7 wickets.

16. Mr. Ten Broeck's Empire won the Epsom Four Year Old Stakes. Time, 2:58.

17. The Oaks Day.—The Oaks Stakes, valued at £4,550, were won by Mr. Saxon's Brown Duchess, ridden by L. Snowden. Time, 2:44.

JUNE.

1. Mills defeated Rowan in a ten mile race, for £50, at Newcastle, Eng. Rowan gave in on the seventh mile.

2. The All England Eleven Cricketers were defeated by the United All England Eleven, at Lord's Ground, by five runs only.

3. The first grand base ball match of the season in this vicinity, came off at Bedford, L. I., between the Epsom and Enterprise clubs. The Epsom won by a score of 62 to 19.

4. A regatta of the Halifax (N. S.), Yacht Club, for the challenge cup, took place. The Wave won it, going over the course in 2h 59 min. 28 sec.

5. James Pudney and Barker and six others, in a ten mile race for the Championship, at Hackney Wick, Eng.

6. A ten mile foot race, gotten up on the hippodroming principle, took place on the Fashion Course, L. I. Smith and Bonnett, Indians; and Mower and White of Gatehead, Englishmen, started for the race, which was won by the latter in, according to the official time, 59 min. 56 1/2 sec., but according to the non-official, and the more reliable in this instance, 59 min. 19 1/2 sec.

7. Ascot Races commenced, and Mr. Ten Broeck's Optimist won the Ascot Stakes.

8. The Boston Cricket Club visited Shelburne Falls, Mass., and played a match with the Franklin Club, of that place, on the 18th. Boston won by two wickets.

9. The cricket clubs of Rochester and Oswego played a one innings match at Rochester, N. Y., which the former won by a score of 137 to 131.

10. The Ascot Cup was run for, Mr. Merry's Thornberry being the fortunate winner.

11. Flora Temple defeated John Morgan in a trot for \$1000 a side, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, in three straight heats. Time, 2:24; 2:26; 2:28.

12. M. Berger, the French masse billiard player, beat Tieman, of Cincinnati, in a game of 250 points, by 147 points.

13. The Boston Cricket Club played a match with the Lowell Club, at Lowell, Mass., which they won by 42 runs.

14. Hughes beat Dutton in a billiard match at London, Eng., 1,000 points, by 234 points, exclusive of odds of 100.

15. Flora Temple beat John Morgan in a trotting match for \$2,000 a side, two mile heats in harness. Time, 4:55; 4:52.

16. The first meeting of the third annual convention of the New York State Sportsmen was held at Utica, N. Y. On the following day, shooting, fishing, and other sports were indulged in, and the festival closed with a banquet in the evening.

17. Flora Temple defeated, for the third time, the chestnut gelding John Morgan, in a three mile heat race on Centreville Course, L. I., for \$2,000, best two in three, in harness. Flora won two heats in succession, and the race in 7:47; 7:48.

18. The Enterprise ball club beat the Hamilton club in a match played in Brooklyn, by a score of 38 to 27.

19. The Queens Cricket club defeated the Satellite by an aggregate score of 98 to 77.

20. At the Surrey and Cambridge cricket match in England, three individual scores of 100 and upwards were made in one innings, by Cesar, Hayward, and Carpenter.

JULY.

1. Messrs. Williams and Reeder played a match at ten pins for \$250 a side, best 3 in 5, which the former won handsomely.

2. Foot races of a quarter of a mile, one mile, and ten miles, were run on the Fashion Course, L. I. The first was won by Nevins in 52 1/2 seconds; the second by White of Gatehead, Eng., in 4:55; and the third by the same man in 58:40, easily followed by John Grindell, who, without preparation, made a good race of it, and gained the second prize.

3. Mr. Ten Broeck's Empire won a sweepstakes at the Newmarket (Eng.) July meeting.

4. Boston City Regatta took place. In the race for single sculls, Joshua Ward proved victor, doing the distance, two miles, in 13:13, being within one second of the fastest time on record. In the double scull race, the L. Hironelle won, doing the two miles in 12:54, claimed to be the quickest time on record.

5. J. H. Clasper defeated T. Pocock in a sculling match for £50 on the Thames, Eng.

6. The Thames National Regatta took place.

7. The cricket match between the All England and United All England elevens, was drawn in favor of the former.

8. Elisha Allen and mate gave Flora Temple the go-by, in a trot for \$1000, mile heats, best 3 in 5 to wagons, beating her in three successive heats in 2:22 1/2, 2:22, 2:23 1/2.

9. At a grand yacht race at Port Jervis, the Partridge and Black Hawk won the 1st and 2nd prizes of the 1st class; and the Colleen Bawn and Arctura, those of the 2nd class.

10. The national exhibition of dogs occurred at Leeds, Eng., when 600 canines of the various breeds were entered in competition for prizes valued at \$1500.

11. A grand base ball match between the Epsom and Eagle base ball clubs was played at Hoboken, which the latter won by a score of 32 to 23.

12. Flora Temple, in harness, defeated Elisha Allen and mate to wagon, in a trot for \$1000, mile heats, best 3 in 5. The pair made the first heat in 2:21 1/2, but in the second they were distanced, the Little Queen making the mile in the fast time of 2:20 1/2.

AUGUST.

1. The aquatic contest for Doggett's Coat and Badge took place on the Thames. Short was the successful competitor.

2. Anderson defeated Kolisch in a chess match, at the rooms of the London Club, winning four games to his opponent's three, two being draws.

3. Mr. Ten Broeck's American horse Starke won the Goodwood Cup.

4. The famous yacht America was beaten in a match race by the Alarm, owing, in a degree, to the former being badly handled.

5. 6. 7. The great cricket match between England's two elevens resulted in a victory for the United, by 115 runs.

8. Mr. A. A. Cassamajor, a distinguished amateur carman of England, died. His rowing matches numbered about 60, of which he won 45.

9. Elisha Allen and mate, in a trot for \$200, with Flora Temple, the former to wagon, the latter to harness, on the Union Course, L. I., mile heats, best 3 in 5, won in three straight heats. Time, 2:24 1/2; 2:22; 2:22 1/2.

10. The East New York Cricket Club defeated the Newark Club in a one innings match at Hoboken, by a score of 172 to 112.

11. The American horse Starke won the Brighton (Eng.) stakes.

12. Mrs. President Lincoln witnessed a cricket match at Long Branch, N. J.

13. The second annual match between the English and American

HURRAH FOR THE FLASHING STEEL.

On long, long nights of winter,
Upon our inland seas,
Our flashing skate rivals
The swiftness of the breeze;
Once more our course we venture
On the rapid gliding heel,
And proudly sweep, o'er the icy deep,
With many a curve and wheel,
Hurrah for the flashing, forward dashing,
Clearly ringing steel!

We need no gas, nor parlor,
Stars for our lamp suffice;
Our canopy is the heaven blue,
Bent round the glazy ice.
Hurrah for the brave old Norsemen!
Hurrah for the steel shod heel!
O'er the deep we skim, till shores grow dim,
Then a homeward course we wheel.
Hurrah for the flashing, forward dashing,
Clearly ringing steel!

Steel for the sturdy warrior,
Steel for the editor's pen,
The pioneer's axe in the forest,
The plowshare in the glen,
But hurrah for the steel of the skater!
Hurrah for the joy we feel!
When the skates are glancing, like a comet dancing
With a wave dividing keel!
Hurrah for the flashing, forward dashing,
Clearly ringing steel!

THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

BATTLES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

RE-PUBLISHED, BY REQUEST, IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER ONE.

FIGHT BETWEEN

Yankee Sullivan and Bell, for \$300 a Side,
AT HART'S ISLAND, NEAR NEW YORK, MONDAY, 29TH AUGUST, 1842.

This match had long been talked of, and came off finally as above. As a precaution against magisterial interference, the precise field of encounter was not definitely known, except to those immediately concerned, (though it was generally understood that Hart's Island was to be the locale,) and such of the Fancy as wished to be spectators, were merely directed to embark at certain points and follow the combatants' boats. Though the previous evening had threatened unfavorable weather, the sun rose unobscured and warm, and as early as seven in the morning, the river swarmed with heterogeneous thousands, waiting for their respective "locomotives," onrushing, meanwhile, the merits of either combatant, and speculating upon the results of the day.

At 9 o'clock all were afloat, and the Westchester, (Sullivan's boat,) Napoleon, (Bell's) Saratoga, Superior, Wave, Williamsburgh, Boston, Wm. Youngs, and Jacob Bell, with their heaped up masses, rocking to and fro in the stream, looked like some infernal cortege seeking the waters of the Styx, or a savage eruption bursting forth for ravage and plunder.

Sullivan, who from the "loss," had the right of selection, chose Hart's Island, (about twenty miles from New York city,) and at half past ten the whole flotilla lay abreast of it. Here a serious difficulty presented itself in the fact that there was no dock or other landing place, and the long, shallow shelving shore made it dangerous for the heavily laden vessels to approach too near. The only mode of reaching land was by the medium of small boats, but many of the ardent amphibians, unable to wait their tedious turn, plunged headlong into the water and swam to shore. Thus gradually disembarked, the party streamed in one dense line in a N. E. course across the island, and resembled, as they picked their devious way along, the writhings of a monstrous snake.

The spot appeared to us peculiarly unfit to the business on hand. There was no available landing place; the whole surface of the Island is covered with a long, rank grass and stunted thorny shrubbery, growing in a soil of loose shifting sand. Even the field of fight, a natural arena comprising the only available spot on its surface, was of a comparatively circumscribed size, and though covered with a firmer soil, was "lumpy" and uneven. Worse than all, the ring, instead of being surrounded by a natural acclivity for the advantage of spectators, stood in the centre of an almost even plain, and thus robbed four-fifths of the horde of even so much as a glimpse of the contest. These disadvantages were at once apparent, and from the moment of arrival there commenced "a scene of rude commotion," and ferocious struggle for the ring. Four times was a large outer circle made, and as often did the wild and insane savages break it in, but at last the gladiators entered the ring.

THE MEN.

At half-past one the men confronted each other. Sullivan looked in prime condition. His flesh was clear, his manner gay, and his air confident. He was the picture of a pugilist—small gladiatorial head—quick, bright eye—dial, which from the boldness of its angles and the tightness of its flesh appeared to be a mask of bone—round—deep in the chest—clean limbed, and possessed altogether of a frame which gave remarkable indications of activity and strength.

Bell did not wear the same appearance of gaiety and confidence. He entered the ring with a half careless, half reluctant swagger, which showed that he was not perfectly at ease, and to our mind, his cap did not follow his opponent quick enough in answer to the customary challenge. He was taller than Sullivan by an inch and a half, but not so faultlessly cut out. His chest was not so well developed or head so well set, and though carrying ten pounds more weight, Sullivan (in a pugilistic sense) was the heavier man, for he had that weight in his fighting points which Bell had in his long slender legs. A singular indication was given, in shaking hands, of the difference of breeding and manners between certain classes of English and American society. Sullivan took his opponent's hand and gave a short, careless jerk of his nob at him—he was but the prize fighter—while Bell, who had been Americanized by his long residence among us, gracefully bent his head, and gave a courtly smile—he would be thought a gentleman.

Bell won the flip for the choice of position and stationed himself on the lower side of the ring with the sun on his back. He was attended by Kensett, of Baltimore, and McGee. Sullivan was waited upon by his old assistants, Ford and Country McClester. Both were dressed in light net breeches and stockings, and blue belts spotted with white.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Time was called and both came cheerfully up to the scratch. They shook hands again slightly, Bell very cautiously, as if fearful of a rough return for his politeness, and then squared for the combat. The dense throngs of the turbulent multitude were at once hushed as death. Not a breath was heard. Scarcely a leaf was seen to stir. The primal silence of that solitary spot was never more profound. In the centre of that vast arena stood the combatants—two bold men—confronting each other in full position, with momentary awe, and gathering their energies for the terrific struggle. Directly in front of each other, their forms slightly bent, their arms unconsciously outstretched and watching every movement of the principals with a feverish anxiety. The whole formed such a picture as one may seldom see. At length Sullivan broke the spell and imperceptibly advanced. He was an old general and knew the advantage of fighting in the enemy's country. Bell cautiously retreated and in answer to a feint showed his weakness by a start as rapid as electricity. At length Sullivan edged him out of his advantage of the sun, and getting in full in Bell's eyes, led drive a straight forward blow, which took effect under the left eye. Bell countered at the same time and caught his opponent on the cheek bone; then followed two or three rapid exchanges, after which Bell rushed in, and at the end of a short struggle, Sullivan threw him handsomely and fell on him.

"The ring from earth to sky was full of hurrah!" mingled with clapping of hands and various other expressions of wild applause. Bell rose smilingly and went to his corner, with a slight discolouration under the eye, upon which some of Sullivan's friends shrieked out a claim to the "first blood."

2. Both men merrily up, their glossy skins unscathed by the previous scuffle. Yankee, who had felt his man, determined on sharp fighting. He went right to work, got a sharp body blow and stopped a wicked return. Bell rallied, closed and pressed him to the ropes; then ensued a short violent struggle, which ended in both flying through the ropes and falling hard, nearly side by side. Bell rose and returned to the ring, while Sullivan lay with his eyes

closed and apparently insensible. He was lifted and carried to his corner with his head drooping languidly and even while undergoing sponging, he betrayed no sign of consciousness—a deep frown, many who did not know where to have him, cried out, "Ah, he'll never come to time!"

3. When "time" was called Sullivan slowly rose and walked heavily to the mark; but when there and confronted with his enemy, as quick as lightning, he "cast his sighted color off" and stood the very incarnation of the spirit of mischief. He led off amid cries of "O'ay lads at the fight!" and his admiring followers.

4. Billy opened the ball with a well meant right-handed, but was stopped, and stopped one himself in return. He then got in a heavy body blow, which carried his man away three or four feet. Sullivan came back, wickedly pursing his mouth, and letting fly with his left, caught his man under the left eye, drawing blood this time, sure. A clinch, and Bell down.

5. Sullivan first at it, made Bell take a brisk circuit to his corner, and when there, planted his left hand on his hip, and rushed hotly in, pressed him to the ropes, and by a powerful exertion threw him outside—both down.

6. Bell a little excited, commenced warmly, and went in right and left, amid the acclamations of the crowd, keeping Sullivan busy stopping, and affording no chance for a return. At last Sullivan rallied, but it was no go; Billy forced him back, got in a sounding body blow, and pressed him to the ropes in a clinch. "Let me go, Billy," said Sullivan, faintly, as he stood with Bell's arm around his neck, at a slight disadvantage near the ropes; "let me go, Billy; I can stand it no longer; I'm going to give in!" Bell credulously yielded and turned toward his corner, but so soon as he had exposed his unprotected side, than Sullivan let drive a right-handed hit, catching him in the region of the ear. Bell wheeled around and hit short, when he caught it again. A clinch followed, and Sullivan threw him in a superb style.

7. Bell came up with his countenance somewhat "chafed,"—the upper part of his dial was quite eye-rasable, his nose inflamed, his lip cushioned, and the war paint trickling (though scantily) down his chin. This was Sullivan's round all through. Bell down.

8. Sullivan had it all his own way again until Bell rushed in, and threw him.

9. Sullivan led hotly off, menacing mischief; Billy abruptly retreated, and in an attempted rally from the ropes, slipped, and fell.

10. Beautiful fighting! Sullivan got in some sounders, which were followed by rapid and heavy exchanges. The Yankee then flung him to the ropes, and by a splendid hit, drove him through, clean.

11. Bell's eyes got backed in his head, and his nose bleeding freely. He led off, got in a heavy hit, staved off a sharp rally, clinched, and received a heavy blow.

12. Bell, with his left eye nearly closed, and in solemn black, went in well—pressed Sullivan, who cautiously sparred away, but who could not stop the visitation of three or four good blows. Sullivan rallied, got in a terrific blow on the eye, and then rushed in—both down.

13. Both of Bell's peepers nearly closed. Sullivan led off, but was stopped—a rally—a close—a fierce struggle at the ropes, which ended by Billy throwing his man over.

14. Smart exchanges. Bell hitting beautifully right and left, and Sullivan on the retreat—a wild rush and close by Bell, who caught his man in his arms and tried to heave him over again—no go; Sullivan seized this opportunity and backed him—Billy was then taken off and carried to their corners, and loud applause for Bell.

15. All Sullivan's. Bell down heavily.

16. Bell came up slow and shy—Sully planted his warlike maw on Billy's snout-box, on which Billy closed and was heavily thrown.

17. A rally—a clinch—a short struggle at the ropes, and an equal fall over them.

18. Ineffective exchanges—considerable pantomiming, but nothing done—a clinch, and Bell down.

19. Billy led off, but was stopped, and caught a return upon his gory nose—smart exchanges—close, and struggle at the ropes—Sully ending it by tossing him beautifully over.

20. It was now apparent to every one, as indeed it had been several rounds before, that Bell could not successfully contend against his experienced adversary. Sully came up as an angel, and apparently fresh, while Bell was dreadfully punished, wavering, and unsteady. Sully let fly with his left with terrific effect, completely distracting his enemy, who managed, however, on a rally, to make two or three good but light returns. A clinch, and Bell heavily thrown.

21. Bell came up groggy, and scarcely able to see—caught it all over, and in a close was badly thrown.

22. Bell falling flat—caught it severely right and left, and went down hopelessly with a stunning blow.

23. Bell gone, Sully put in three or four out, and Bell went heavily to the ground. Cries of "he's gone!" "Take him out!"

24. On time being called, Bell couldn't come, and Sully still fresh, and scarcely hurt, stepped up and claimed the fight, after a contest of 38 minutes.

REMARKS.

Although there was some handsome fighting in the above contest, it cannot be called a good fight. Sullivan's qualities and admirable generalship, made it too much on one side. He was a fighting man in the true and full sense of the word—light in the scale, and heavy in the field; strong, agile, quick, cunning, capable, a perfect master of his science; and, if the expression may be used, an intellectual fighter; for he was continually fighting in his head, and calculating the chances and results of every maneuver. Bell committed many errors. His first and most gross blunder—and indeed, if he saw Secor's fight, an inexcusable one—was in giving his antagonist the whole ring. Instead of fighting on his opponent's ground, and having a clear field to retreat, if necessary, he took a retreating position from the start, suffered himself to be driven in the face of the sun, and forced into a corner on the defensive, in momentary danger of being pressed on the ropes, and thus crippled. "cabineted, cribbed, confined," by his own folly, he fought in a 12 foot ring, while his antagonist had a 48 foot one. No experienced general will fight on his own ground if he can help it, and the first inch that Bell gave, when Sullivan was feeling him, exposed his timidity, or, to use a lighter term, his ignorance. Had he presented a determined front, and insisted on a forward movement, he would have kept the sun, retained possession of his ground, changed Sullivan's confidence into caution, and made the fight a longer and better, if not a successful one. Bell, though a beautiful sparrer, was not a good fighter. He was not equal to emergencies—seldom followed up his advantages well, and let many a good opportunity slip. In the third round (if Sully was not shamming to draw him on) he might have won the fight, instead of which he passed the profit to his adversary. Mere weight, strength, and science, do not make the pugilist. Some of the best powers of the prize fighter are in the head. He must have an instinctive love for strife, with the rare accompaniment of a clear, cool, calculating head, and a prompt perception of all the advantages and dangers of his situation. A man does not reason in a situation of imminent danger. He acts upon instinct. "Instinct is a great matter." By the above remarks we do not mean to impugn Bell's courage; on the contrary, we believe him to have been a man of true metal, but of little knowledge. He might have been successful with most any other man of his weight, but was peculiarly unfitted to this antagonist. There were other things against him. It was his first fight. The immense concourse was enough to awe and abash him, and unlike Sullivan, who went to win "sure," he went to win if he could.

A RAILROAD COLLISION DODGE.—We thought Yankees cute enough, but Lancashire men can take the rag off, as may be seen by the annexed little sketch.—A short time ago, in Lancashire, a man well known to the country for his shrewdness in "business"—a virtue which sometimes treads very closely upon the breach of the eighth commandment—happened to be travelling in a train, accompanied by his wife, when a collision happened. His wife received a severe contusion between the eyes, for which the jury awarded fifty pounds damages. Some time after the affair had blown over, the following confession, or something to the like effect, was elicited from the plaintiff in a moment of unguarded conviviality:—"Well, you see, when t' collision happened, t' old woman and I wur all reet; but when I looked out o' t' carriage I saw a lot o' fellies in a terrible state. One says to me, 'Ey, lad, I've gotten my head open. I'll ha' twenty peownd for this.' 'Twenty peownd, ye darned fule,' cries another, 'I've gotten my shoulder out, and I'll ha' forty peownd for t'.' When I heard this," continued the clever business-man, "I jumped at t' old woman straight out, and druv my head right between her eyes—and we've gotten fifty peownds for t'."

LEAPING.—If the footmarks of a good horse that has galloped over turf be measured, it will be found that in every stride his four feet have covered the space of twenty-two feet. If in cold blood, he be very gently cantered at a common sheep hurdle, without any ditch on one side of it or the other, it will be found that he has cleared, or rather has not been able to keep clearing from ten to twelve feet. In Egypt, an antelope, chased by hounds, on coming suddenly to a little crack or crevice in the ground, caused by the heat of the sun, has been observed at a bound to clear thirty feet, and yet, on approaching a high wall, the same animal slackens his pace, stops for a second, and then pounces over it.

THE TRAINING OF THE PRIZE FIGHTER.

From the Temple Bar for December.

The system of training in the palmy days of the ring was not very far wrong. As to quantity of food, there is no limit for our prize fighters, though they were not allowed to gorge as the Greek and Roman athletes did. Two full meals a day with meat were considered sufficient, breakfast and dinner; but if the appetite demanded supper, it must be simply a little meat and dry biscuit at eight o'clock, to be followed by a walk, and then to bed at ten. The modern trainers pursue a regimen very similar to this, allowing some latitude as to smoking, and tea and coffee in moderate quantities; but they keep the strictest surveillance over their man, and never allow him to be out of sight, day or night, when any important match is on the tapis. Running and walking are the chief exercises adopted, the former occasionally at full speed, and in the morning, after which the trainee is rubbed down dry and clothed in his usual dress, flannel being worn for all exercise. A series of strong gymnastic exercises is adopted also. Great attention is paid to the condition of the skin, a point upon which connoisseurs are particularly knowing; it should be smooth, soft, yet firm, and tight over the muscles, having the look which in a horse is called "fine." The muscles should stand out hard and decided, in form like the carving of an ivory statue, and showing no rounding-off by fat. Persons in good health train plump; but if they fall off, it shows that they are not able to bear the severity of the process. Gentlemen do not generally bear training so well as men accustomed to labor from boyhood; and it should be understood that the severe training undergone by prize fighters is not favorable to the constitution; a more moderate system of exercise is preferable for those who are not disposed to sacrifice too much to the reputation of being an athlete of the first water.

The rationale of training is to nourish the body as rapidly as possible, and at the same time get rid of the waste material. It might be compared, for illustration, to the rapid consumption of fuel in locomotive engines by a quick draught of air, and the production of steam from an immense extent of heated surface, obtained by exposing to the fire many tubes filled with water. The best of fuel is supplied to the man in training in the shape of his meat, bread, and water; his smoke and cinders must be got rid of rapidly, so as to excite the fierce combustion demanded for the pace he has to go, and the long continued efforts he has to make. To accomplish this, the fire-grate and chimneys of the human engine must be kept clear and in perfect working order. The skin, which lets off the waste steam and smoke at millions of pores—say twenty-eight miles of tubing, for this has been calculated—is of the first importance; hence by long experience, from the Greeks and Romans to our day, trainers, who are no great physiologists, have paid the closest attention to the kin, whether in training horses or men.

The Greeks used a scraper called a *strigil*, and they sometimes rolled in the dust of the stadium after anointing, all of which compelled them to use a great amount of friction in merely cleansing the skin. Perspiration is excited and kept up at regular intervals; and the pores are cleansed by rubbing with hard brushes and towels, with occasional sponging, though the bath is used sparingly. By this means also the circulation of the blood in the minute network of vessels all over the body is assisted. Men in ordinary health get rid of about three pounds of water alone from their skin daily, but in training it must be more than this. Then the lungs, being nearer to the central furnace of the body, are of even more importance to be kept at work than the skin; for from them the chief part of the smoke must be got rid of besides a good deal of steam, or in other words, carbonic acid gas and watery vapor. In ordinary good health a man expires about twenty-one ounces of steam daily; of course, a man undergoing great exertion breathes off much more than this. Then the light fresh air is exchanged in breathing for the heavy carbonic gas, ammonia, hydrogen gas, and volatile animal substances, making altogether from six to eight per cent of effete material got rid of by the lungs. Now we can see the necessity for a man having what is called "good wind;" his lungs must be able to bear the constant and rapid contraction and expansion, and the strong action of the heart in driving on the vital stream, without distress. Hence, no person with the slightest weakness of the chest should ever attempt to train, though the regimen, very moderately and gradually applied, would be beneficial; for it may then simply embrace the well-known precepts of fresh air, exercise, simple food, no excesses, and early hours. Those are favored by nature who can endure exercise occasionally as severe as the prize fighters go through; by it the lungs are ventilated as they cannot be in ordinary exercise, and the high vigor of the system maintained. In quiet breathing, as much as 170 cubic inches of air remains in the chest, while about 25 inches is expired; but this is raised to 140 cubic inches by violent exercise, and renewed at the rate of from 40 to 50 times in a minute.

The dietary of the trainers is open to criticism upon some points. They prescribe a dry meat diet on the supposition that it makes the flesh firm, and keeps the blood from being watery. This is quite an error; for we know that the strongest men are composed of as much water as other men, and that this apparently idle and harmless fluid is a most vital one, for it forms no less than 70 per cent of the whole body. The muscles would be mere shreds if deprived of their water; and the singular thing is, that this is not easy to accomplish even in dead muscle, for the water is not contained as it is by a sponge; it cannot be pressed out of the flesh except by a weight which destroys the fibre; therefore it is considered that water is an essential constituent of muscle. The nerves, which are really the source of all muscular energy, actually consist of 800 parts water in 1,000. Old Thales was not far out when he taught his pupils that water was the life of all creation. It is possible to live on water alone for some time, but entirely deprived of it, death results in less than a week. The trainers are right, however, as to not taking liquids in large draughts; this is prejudicial to digestion, and is liable to produce a chill or shock of a dangerous kind. It is not advantageous that thirst, which arises from all violent exercises, should not be quenched; but this should be done by small quantities taken while the system is heated, and not in large draughts immediately after the exertion is over. It will be found that water is by far the best beverage to be drunk during any strong exercise, such as in long walks over hilly ground in hot weather, and in any of the more arduous feats of running and walking. Tea, if taken cool, is, however, a very light and stimulating drink; but beer, most wines, and spirits, are fatal to all great efforts. A diet of lean meat and bread, with scanty vegetable, is decidedly not favorable to robust health; experience has long taught us to follow the inclination for varieties of many kinds; and perfect condition, even to efficient training, may be kept up by partaking of these, always excepting young meats and veal, which is not only immature, but half diseased, from the process of daily bleeding which is adopted to produce the appearance of delicacy. A diet in which flesh is the chief article is indispensable to our climate and our habits. The consumption of meat in England is three times that of France; and it has been proved that one English navy did the work of two and a half French navies, until the contractor fed up his Frenchmen, when they nearly equalled their rivals. But flesh-feeding is easily carried too far, and tends to overload the blood with phosphoric acid and alkalies—earth in fact. There is this important piece of encouragement in favor of adopting a regular system of exercise, that when the body is in perfect working order the digestion partakes so completely of the general high tone that nothing can resist it—a man becomes "as hard as nails," and rejoices in having the stomach of an ostrich. Once get "out of condition," and we become choice and sensitive upon a hundred points, each one a misery of life. The prize-fighter is not to be considered so good a repre-

sentative man as the navy, because he is kept in a state of high tension, which cannot last, and which is gladly escaped from; while the navy is merely in the highest working condition. We are not all born navvies; but there is nothing to hinder all men attaining the full physical capabilities with which nature has endowed them, each in his measure. Unfortunately, such is the demand now-a-days for intellectual prowess, that the poor body gets neglected, and often cruelly sacrificed.

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